

The Weekly Panola Star.

It is not in the Power of any one to Command Success, but we will do much we will deserve it.

VOLUME 2. PANOLA, MISS., JULY 15, 1857. NUMBER 25.

THE STAR.

PANOLA, MISSISSIPPI.
EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS:
One Year, if paid in advance, \$3.00
Six Months, if paid in advance, \$2.00
Three Months, if paid in advance, \$1.00
If not paid in advance, \$4.00 per annum.

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First insertion, per line, \$1.00
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Eighth insertion, per line, .02
Ninth insertion, per line, .01
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All communications must be addressed to M. S. Ward, Esq., Panola, Mississippi.

JOB WORK.
We do all kinds of printing, from large hand bills to fancy cards, done with neatness and dispatch, and on reasonable terms. All communications must be addressed to M. S. Ward, Esq., Panola, Mississippi.

The Law of Newspapers.

Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as desiring to continue their subscription. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher continues to send them until all arrearages are paid. If subscribers refuse or neglect to pay for their newspapers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled the bills ordered them discontinued. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former address, they are held responsible.

M. S. Ward,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Panola, Miss.

J. W. Chanton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PANOLA, MISS.

He removed his office to the room between the Star Office and Dr. Leland's Drug Store, on the west side of the Public Square, where he may be found at all times, unless professionally absent.

Dr. R. J. Young,
Having permanently located himself, tenders his Professional Services to the citizens of Panola and vicinity.

Office on the east side of the Public Square, where he can always be found, or at his boarding house (Lowe's) except when professionally engaged.

Dr. S. P. Lester,
Offers his services to the people of this vicinity. May be found here, when not professionally engaged.

Dr. Wm. J. Wrenn,
Offers his Professional Services to the public generally. Office at L. Halling's store, Panola.

Worsham House,
Corner of Main and Adams Sts., Memphis, Tenn.

THIS HOUSE is situated in the centre of business and is now finished in complete order, and the Proprietor pledges himself it shall not be surpassed by any house in the South-west.

Being grateful for the very liberal patronage bestowed on him for the last two years, he hopes by a strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

J. J. WORTHAM,
Proprietor.

Merchants Hotel,
J. STEINKUHL, Proprietor.
Corner Front Row and Union-st
Memphis, Tenn.

CAROLINA HOUSE,
Shelby Street, TENN.

THIS old established house, located on Shelby street, near the Gayoso, is well conducted by the undersigned, who desires to return his thanks to his numerous patrons that have sustained him thus far. He wishes a continuance of the patronage of his friends and the public generally. He promises to furnish his table with good and wholesome fare, and his beds with clean linen, &c. The Omniscience of the city are prompt in conveying persons to and from the several Railroads. His prices are as follows:

Board and Lodging by the day \$1.50
Board, Lodging and Breakfast 1.25
Single Meal .50
Lodging .50

ALLEN DAVIS,
Memphis, Tenn., April 14, 1857-4m

M. C. Cayce & Son,
Commission Merchants,
General Agents, and Real Estate Brokers.

25 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.
FURNITURE, Real Estate, Merchandise, Groceries, Land, Lumber, Stock of all kinds, Real Estate and Lumber Property, and commissions solicited.

This is our eleventh year in Memphis, and now permanently located, we desire ourselves that we will receive a liberal share of patronage.

J. M. Wiswell & Co.,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
Carriages, Buggy, Saddles, &c., &c.
No. 37 & 39 Union-st., near Main,
Memphis, Tenn.

Florence Nightingale and Mary Patten.

The following is one of the new passages introduced by Mr. Everett into his splendid oration on Washington, as recently delivered at Cambridge. He is showing that, though the days of chivalry is passed, true heroism yet survives:

Witness that heroic eye that angels vental, Florence Nightingale, who, beneath the eyes of admiring Europe and admiring Asia, walked, with serene unconcern, for more than a twelvemonth, the pestilential wards of a hospital; witness our not less heroic countrywoman, Mary Patten, whose name is hardly known to the public, the wife of a merchant shipmaster, who, far off on the lonely Pacific, with no eye to witness and no voice to cheer her, when her husband was taken down by illness, now tended him in his cabin, as none but a devoted wife can tend a stricken husband, now took his place on the quarter deck of his forlorn vessel; took her observation every day with the sextant, laid down the ship's course on the chart, cheered and encouraged the desponding crew, arrested the mutinous chief-mate, who was for creeping into the nearest port, and who, on the score of seamanship alone, was not worthy to kiss the dust beneath the feet of the lion-hearted little woman; and who, poor young wife as she was, hardly twenty-eight years of age, and already overshadowed with the sacred primal sorrow of her sex, yet, with a strong will and a stout heart, steered her husband's vessel, through storm and through calm, from Cape Horn to San Francisco.

An Eloquent Extract.

The following extract is from the speech of Hon. Edward Everett, at the Celebration at Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1857:

And oh! my friends, let the lesson of fraternal affection which he taught us in his death be repeated in the persuasive silence of those lips. In his own heart-stirring language, let "the voice of our fathers' blood cry to us from the ground; and upon this sacred day, and on this immortal hill let it proclaim a truce to sectional agitation and party strife; as the medieval church proclaimed the "Truce of God." Wherever else the elements of discord may rage, let the billows sink down; as the storm be hushed, like yonder placid waves, at the foot of Bunker Hill. Here let the kindly feelings that animated our fathers revive in the bosoms of their sons, assured, that—should "malice domestic or foreign levy" invade us—if living champions should fall, that monumental cheek would burn with the glow of patriotism, that marble sword would leap from its scabbard, and the heaving sods of Bunker Hill give up their sheeted regiments to the defense of the Union!

Wife of a British Lord.

While Lord Napier, the English Minister, was busy at Washington, his lady sojourned at the Gilmore House, Baltimore. The fashionable circle was agitated by the presence of the wife of a live Lord, and her ladyship received numerous calls and party invitations. The American ladies of fashion, elaborate and gaudily attired in furbes and jewels, were surprised to find the English lady in excessively plain dress, totally free from all display, glitter and nonsense. The wife of Lord Napier, however, is a woman of high birth, who can trace her descent from a long line of illustrious ancestors. She is, nevertheless, remarkable—though born and educated in the heart of European refinement and civilization—for the plainness of her apparel, the simplicity of her manners, and the entire lack of ostentatious pretensions.

There is a gentleman in Union, N. H., who will be one hundred and one years old on the seventh of July. His name is Ralph Farnham, and a strong effort was made to induce him to be present at the Bunker Hill celebration in Boston, he having taken part in the battle. He declined going on account of the distance; and when his son—a lad of fifty or sixty years—proposed to accompany him, replied, "if he won't, he didn't want to be bothered with the care of any children!" He says he doesn't remember of ever being sick; but believes he had a fever or something eighty or ninety years ago.

The Uses of Ventriloquism.

A night or two since an officer of the Sixth Ward overhauled a colored individual who was coming away from the wharf with a coil of rope. Darkey was questioned as to where he got the chutels, and he replied that he was a hand on the steamboat Forrest, and that both the rope and its custodian were "allright." The officer turned ebony to the right about, and both went together on board the boat. Nobody was in sight, and the darkey went boldly to a gangway and shouted out "hello Bill!"

"Hello it is!" came a response in a gruff, sepulchral tone, which Bill would have envied and which seemed to emerge from the depths of the steamer.

"Come up on deck right away. Bill; dere's a police got me for stealing dis rope!"

"Ay, ay," again shouted the gruff voice, "just wait, can't you, till I git on my trousers!"

"Well, pull a heel den and be quick, for I wants to be off." This colloquy served to measurably satisfy the officer, and he relaxed his watchfulness over his prisoner. The latter embraced this opportunity to take his leave slyly, and he took the coil of rope with him. The officer meanwhile became tired of waiting and went in search of the voucher for his late prisoner. After considerable trouble a man who was sleeping below was roused up and questioned concerning the colored man and the coil of rope. The sleepy individual avowed that he knew nothing about either, and the officer finally ascertained that he had been regularly sold by a thief who possessed first class ventriloquical powers—[Phila. Bulletin.]

A Solitary Senator.

In his Kansas speech in Congress, W. R. Smith gives the following singular fact of the early history of Alabama:

Can you expect perfection of legislation in a border Territory? The legislator as well as the prisoner must adapt himself to the inconveniences of wilderness life. The law is no less sacred when made in a log hut than when made in the loftiest capitol. You can neither expect the perfection of law nor the graver formalities of the higher order of legislation. In the first Territorial Legislature of Alabama, the history informs us that "James Titus was the only member of the Senate. He sat alone, and decided upon the acts of the lower house, and adjourned and met again with a formality quite ludicrous." Nobody ever thought of impeaching any law of the Territorial Legislature of Alabama simply because the Senate was composed of a single man; although a quibbler might say that the word senate has the plural signification of a number of persons.

A Contented Man.

Editorial life has many burdens and cares, but the following incident shows that it is not wanting either in dignity or comfort:

"Black was a great favorite with Lord Melbourne. On one occasion the peer said: 'Mr. Black, you are the only person who comes to see me who forgets who I am.' The editor opened his eyes with astonishment. 'You forget that I am the Prime Minister. Everybody else takes especial care to remember it; but I wish they would forget it, for they only remember it to ask me for places or favors. Now, Mr. Black, you never ask me for anything, and I wish you would; for, seriously, I should be most happy to do anything in my power to serve you.' 'I am truly obliged,' said Mr. Black, 'but I don't want anything. I am editor of the Morning Chronicle. I like my business, and I live happily on my income.' 'Then,' said the peer, 'I envy you; and you are the only man I ever did!'"

A loving friend's rebuke sinks into the heart, and convinces the judgment: an enemy's or a stranger's rebuke is invasive, and irritates, not converts.

An American in London.

The North American Review tells the following good story:

A countryman of ours, of somewhat rude appearance, walking in the Strand early in May, saw his favorite dish of strawberries and cream blushing at him from the counter of a restaurant. Entering, he carefully called for a bowl, to the marked surprise of several persons present, and who knew the extravagance of the luxury, and rightly presumed the American was ignorant at what cost he was putting himself.

He had not finished his repast, before the curious looks of the company suggested his mistake, and aroused all his latent pride.

"What is to pay?" inquired he, as he laid down his dish, not without a lowering look at the waiters, who waited for his chopdinner aspect when the victualer's reply should fall upon his waiting ear.

"A guinea, sir."

Tossing down the coin from a not overfull purse, and bridling up with an air of assumed indifference.

"I'll take another!" was the American's only rejoinder.

Curious Cause for Mutiny.

The mutiny among the native troops of the British Indian regiments is said to have been caused by using pork and bullock fat instead of mutton suet, to grease the cartridges of their guns. The religious feelings of the natives is either Mahomedan or Hindoo. The first could not stand the pork abomination and the last held the bullock as sacred. The fanaticism of the troops being once roused, it could not be easily quieted again. The latest report is that a new insurrection has broken out in the Bengal cavalry, and that several officers had been killed and wounded. It is thought that these acts are consequent upon the measures which the Indian government has taken to suppress those religious observances amongst the Hindoos, which were contrary to morality and the general interests of the community. Possibly, but there may be other causes which may develop themselves more plainly during the progress of the war in China.

Many years ago, in the city of Providence, there was a large audience collected within the walls of the old theatre [now Grace church]. The performance had reached the crisis wherein the villain of the play was to be shot—the fatal pistol was even pointed at its victim, the house was wrought up to the intensest excitement, and all was still as death. At this breathless period, a highly respectable citizen in the stage box arose, and addressing the hero of the pistol, while his wife sat by his side, her cheeks ashy pale, and a thumb thrust into each ear, said:

"Mr. Duffy, Mr. Duffy, Mr. Duffy don't shoot the villain just yet! For love's sake desist! Melancholy's afraid of a gun! Wait till we retire from the theatre!" The gun didn't explode, but the audience did. Duff waited but they couldn't.

A Good One.

We clip the following good story from the Philadelphia Times:

"It was a few days after the election, and news was pouring in of Van Buren's defeat on all sides. Mr. Worthington, the rather venerable editor of the Mississippi Democrat, was among those who were terribly annoyed by Job's comforters. He was somewhat deaf and rather irritable. In passing along the streets an acquaintance saluted him, and inquired:—'How is your family, Mr. Worthington?' Worthington supposing that the inquiry related to the political news of the day, responded, 'All gone to hell, sir—all gone to hell!'"

Sombody, in a New York paper, addresses for a partner in the "smoking and provision business." "We know a man that is just the chap for him. He smokes twenty cigars a day, and all to the provision business, he eats enough that it makes him lean to carry a barrel."

The lady whose dog she had been has had a good one.

VALUOUS ITEMS.

Here, Laughlin Chaves, of South Carolina, is 4-4-4. He died at Columbia on the 11th inst. He was the only son of his age.

The nature within us is a higher subject to study than the nature without us.

TO MY PASTOR.

How can I give thee up? My heart as clings
To thee, my Minister in holy things
When in affliction's weary dory,
Thou art in my view did'st keep
That God, from whom afflictions come,
To drive our hearts toward heaven, our home.

Thou didst our precious babe baptize,
And led'st us from him for the skies;
And told us, when to heaven he fled,
That Christ would raise him from the dead.

By the "still waters," thou hast led,
And in "green pastures" we have fed.

May grace be given me to say,
The Lord who gave, called thee away,
And with his precepts in my heart,
Which thou didst faithfully impart.

On all thy labors blessings send,
And crown thee when those labors end.
ANNIE.

A PLAIN MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY CHARLES KAGLEY.

I've a guinea I can spend,
I've a wife, and I've a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee
John Brown;

I've a cottage of my own,
With the ivy overgrown,
And a garden with a view of the sea John Brown.

I can sit at my door
By my shady sycamore,
Large of heart, though of very small estate,
John Brown;

So come and drink a glass
In my arbor as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love and what I hate, John Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet,
John Brown;

And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and flattery, and deceit,
John Brown.

I love the meadow flowers,
And the brier in the hedges,
And I love an open face without guile,
John Brown;

And I hate a selfish knave,
And a proud, contented slave,
And a lost who'd rather borrow than he'd toil, John Brown.

I love a simple song
That swells emotions strong,
And the word of hope that raises him who faints, John Brown;

And I hate the constant whine
Of the foolish who repine,
And turn their good to evil by complaint, John Brown.

But ever when I hate,
If I seek my garden gate,
And survey the world around me, and above, John Brown;

The hatred flies my mind,
And I sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those I cannot love, John Brown.

So if you like my ways,
And the comfort of my days,
I will tell you how to live so unweary'd, John Brown;

I never scorn my health,
Nor sell my soul for wealth,
Nor destroy one day the pleasures of the next, John Brown.

I've parted with my pride,
And I take the easy side,
For I've found it worse than folly to be sad, John Brown;

I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.

LET TUNE.

I threw a bubble to the sea—
A bubble caught it easily;
Another bubble quickly came,
Successfully the prize to claim;
From wave to wave, unheeded it passed,
Till blown upon a strand of last.
Thus glide into the unknown shore
These golden moments of despair;
These moments, which, not thrown away,
Might be for us a great day.

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